

Michael McGuire

"Those Castles In Spain"

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THOSE CASTLES IN SPAIN

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Well it's easy to get a little sentimental when you get
a few years on your
bones, the future seems like some naïve cure and the
past is still throwing
stones, but memory is your only tool to work the nature
of time, meaning
is a contortionist and your reasons just become
excuses that rhyme.

The future started so long ago, a brooding bride of the
first rain, the flesh
of which you may never know, just like those castles in
Spain.

As the universe becomes a world you struggle for ways
to make the same
old thing feel new, you accept the shrug of gravity and
stop wondering
why the sky is blue, and the days go by in suspended
animation; slow
planets in the lens, and every desire lost in the
comet's tail turns the list
of has beens.

The future started so long ago, a brooding bride of the
first rain, the flesh
of which you may never know, just like those castles in
Spain.

Ah but life is a poor poet that always seems to rhyme
when it should
reason, and vice versa verse that always seems to be
out of sense with
the build of the season, we never realize that dreaming
is a side effect of
sleeping, and the hours of the dreams eternal are not
within our keeping.

The future was here just yesterday, see where it left a
shadow stain, if it's
not used it simply fades away, just like those castles in
Spain.

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